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NO. 49

The Worth of Hours.

Believe that your inner eye

Can ever see more than the

The worth of hours as they go by.

For every man's work self, alas!

Makes him to see them as they pass

As though they were but idle hours.

But in earnest care, you would

Meet out to each his part of good.

Or slow retro from pleasure's charm.

Trust rather to your inner mood.

Those hours are not fairly spent

That leave your spirit bowed and bent

And unrest and ill-content.

And more, though from seeming harm,

You rest from toil of mind or arm.

Or slow retro from pleasure's charm.

If, then, a painful sense comes on

Of something from your being's chain

Breaks off, not to be linked again

By all more memory can retain.

Upon your heart this truth may rise—

Nothing that altogether dies.

Suffer not the destined hour

To self-reserving thought of power.

That every thought and every deed

May hold within itself the seed

Of future good and future need.

Esteemed sorrow, whose employ

Is to develop, not to destroy,

Fare better than a barren joy.

Select Story.

WILLIE'S WIFE.

A blustering evening! I am all

alone! An old maid, with no husband

to direct her peace, nor any dreadful

annoyances in the shape of children,

with money enough at interest to keep

the wolf from the door, and a house of

her own overhead, might surely expect

after the tea things were washed and

dishes cleared away, to sit in the parlor

drawn close to the lamp close to her

elbow, and a book close to her nose—

an old maid thus happily situated

might, I say in all reason, expect a

comfortable time. Alas! far from it!

The wind whistled around the house

with more than ordinary defiance, and

it trembled inwardly; for well do I know

as well as it knows, also, the cracks and

holes in my dilapidated dwelling—

Here it comes whistling and roaring!

With a wail that turns my new

carpet into a shiver, and the smoke from

my back is flapping and flapping as

if they were in league with the boister

ing wind. I adjust my wig and re-

mind my place in vain! There it comes,

again and again! A rough blast down

the chimney, and the smoke from my

into the room, scattering a shower of

ashes over my clean white curtains.

I slam my book with a petulant jerk,

take up my lamp, and start on an in-

dignant march up to bed. Creak

creek go the boards, as if they were

Prophets, and the door is flung open

like a jack and pull apiece of wood, a

blast of wind; my lamp goes out; still

ling at the door; it opens and out

and suddenly down I go. Miss Je-

mima then picks herself up, minus

dignity, and comes down stairs, and

opens the door, and looks out, and

on certain slaking steps, and running

a splinter into my hand from the

broken handle. I reach my room at last

and leave the door unopened because

the lock is out of order, and creep

into bed, and close my eyes, be-

cause there is a piece of loose plaster

just above my head—more ter-

rible to me than the sword of Dam-

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